M.O.O.K.™

ASSASSIN

MARVEL

#1

SECRET WARS

YOST
PINNA
ROSENBERG

SECRET WARS

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED!

•

THE HEROES OF EARTH-616 AND EARTH-1610 WERE POWERLESS TO SAVE IT!

•

NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS **BATTLEWORLD**!

•

A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS GOD AND MASTER, VICTOR VON DOOM!

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EACH REGION IS A DOMAIN UNTO ITSELF!

M.O.O.K. Assassin

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IN THE BEGINNING, THERE WAS NOTHING.

NOTHING EXCEPT THE LORD GOD DOOM. >>>UNACCEPTABLE>>>

DOOM SAVED US ALL, IT IS KNOWN/// UNKNOWN.

THE SCIENCE BEHIND THIS IS UNACCEPTABLE/// BEYOND QUESTION.

LORD DOOM WATCHES OVER US, RULING WITH AN IRON FIST. HIS COUNCIL AT HIS SIDE.

>>>UNACCEPTABLE>>>

THIS IS BATTLEWORLD.

<<<ACCEPTABLE<<<

THESE LARGER QUESTIONS OF COSMOGONY AND THE RULE OF DOOM <<KILL>> ARE NOT THE PURPOSE OF MY DESIGN.

ALTHOUGH AS THE LIVING EMBODIMENT OF SCIENCE, THEY ARE IMPOSSIBLE TO IGNORE.

TODAY I AM FOCUSED ON AN INTELLECT NAMED *OTTO OCTAVIUS*.

NOTE!! WHEN I SAY "INTELLECT," THIS IS <<<SARCASM<<<.

THERE IS A 100% CHANCE HE WILL DIE TODAY.

THOK

THOK

OCTAVIUS HAS BEEN TARGETED BY THE ASSASSINS GUILD AND AN OPERATIVE HAS ALREADY BEEN DISPATCHED.

THE ASSASSIN'S NAME IS *BULLSEYE*, AND HE NEVER MISSES HIS TARGET. <<INCORRECT>>

BUT THAT IS NOT WHY HIS DEATH IS A CERTAINTY.

THUS, WE COME BACK TO THE QUESTION OF *PURPOSE*.

NOT TO SERVE. <<KILL>> NOT TO PHILOSOPHIZE. <<KILL>>

I WAS DESIGNED FOR ONLY ONE THING.

BOOM

I AM THE MENTAL ORGANISM DESIGNED ONLY FOR KILLING!

I AM M.O.D.O.K.!

TAK TAK TAK TAK

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU GIANT FREAK?!

THIS IS A SANCTIONED HIT!!

PATHETIC LITTLE MAN...YOU BELIEVE YOU CAN KILL ME WITH A *KNIFE*? WATCH AS I SEIZE IT IN MIDAIR!!

I AM *M.O.D.O.K.*! I KNOW EVERYTHING THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT KILLING! I AM--

SLIK

AN IDIOT WHO TALKS TOO MUCH.

GAAAH!!

YOU'RE BREAKING THE RULES HERE, NOT ME. YOU'RE INTERFERING WITH THE *ASSASSINS GUILD*.

AND WORSE THAN THAT... YOU MADE ME *MISS*.

SILENCE!!
YOU HAVE JUST INCREASED THE PAIN OF YOUR DEATH BY A MAGNITUDE OF---
YOU *SURE* YOU WANT TO DO THIS?
YES, THE MATH IS QUITE SIMPLE--
I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE *MATH, MORON!!*
I'M TALKING ABOUT ME PUTTING A *BLADE* IN THAT *GIANT SKULL* OF YOURS!!
DIEE!!!!
HA HA! YOU MISSED YET AGAIN, ONCE MORE MAKING YOUR CLAIMS OF NEVER MISSING INCREASINGLY <<<STUPID<<<!
SPAK
WHAT?!
MY FORCE FIELD INTERCEPTS THE CHILDISH *PLAYING CARD*, WHILE THE SAI...HAD A VARIABLE AMOUNT OF SPIN ON IT, CONFOUNDING MY CALCULATIONS.
RRAAA!
IT IS POSSIBLE HIS *DISMEMBERED BRAIN* WILL PROVE VALUABLE.
CHUNK
THIS IS <<<UNACCEPTABLE<<<.

BUT WHILE YOUR STRIKE WAS MARGINALLY SUCCESSFUL, MINE WAS MUCH MORE SO.

UHHNN... GONNA KILL... YOU...

HMM. AN INTERESTING PROJECTION OF FUTURE EVENTS.

LET ME OFFER YOU A MORE >>>SCIENTIFIC>>> ESTIMATION.

THE POWER OF MY UNPARALLELED *MIND* WILL FOCUS ON YOUR MUCH MORE LIMITED BRAIN. I WILL UNLEASH THAT POWER...

YOU CAN'T--!

AND YOU WILL DIE!

YYEARRGHH!!

IT WOULD SEEM *MY* ESTIMATION WAS MUCH MORE ACCURATE.

LOOK AT THE EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE. IT IS <<<HYSTERICAL<<<.

OH, GOD, THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU...YOU SAVED MY LIFE--

THIS IS <<<OBVIOUS>>>. THE ASSASSINS GUILD'S CLIENT WANTED THE SENTINEL TECHNOLOGY YOU STOLE FROM THE LABS OF ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS.

MY LABS.

OH, NO.

SPAF

100% CERTAINTY OF DEATH.

OCTAVIUS WAS NO MATCH FOR MY >>>GENIUS>>>. I ALLOWED HIM TO LEAVE WITH THE S-TECH SO THAT I COULD IDENTIFY HIS PAYMASTERS.

BULLSEYE'S INVOLVEMENT COMPLICATED THINGS. THE TECHNOLOGY CANNOT BE ALLOWED ON THE OPEN MARKET AS IT WOULD INCRIMINATE ME.

A *NIMROD CPU*. ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY FROM ANOTHER DOMAIN... MORE ADVANCED THAN ANYTHING THIS LAND HAS PRODUCED.

<<<EXCEPT ME>>>

THE TECHNOLOGY'S PRESENCE IS *ILLEGAL*, OF COURSE.

THE LAW, IF SUCH A THING EXISTS HERE, AS ENFORCED BY...

M.O.D.O.K.!!

OH, HELLO, KARL...OR SHOULD I SAY...

BARON MORDO!

YOU TRULY DO LOVE TO HEAR YOURSELF TALK, DON'T YOU, MONSTER?

BE QUICK ABOUT THIS, MY BARON. I CANNOT STOMACH LOOKING AT THIS ABOMINATION OF SCIENCE.

YOUR INSULTS ARE *MEANINGLESS*, CLEA.

AND AS TO YOUR TAUNTS, BARON...

<<<KILL<<<

HOW MAY I SERVE YOU?

DO NOT PLAY GAMES WITH ME, M.O.D.O.K. AS BARON, I TOLERATE YOU... BUT ONLY JUST.

INCORRECT. YOU NEED ME.

AND YET, YOU ARE DETERMINED TO FIND YOURSELF ATOP THE SHIELD OR UNDER THE HAMMERS OF THE THORS.

THEY ARE WELCOME TO TRY.

THE ASSASSINS GUILD WILL NOT LET THIS STAND. BULLSEYE WAS MUCH LOVED BY THE TRIUMVIRATE. THEY WILL HAVE YOUR HEAD, ASSUMING THEY COULD FIND A WALL BIG ENOUGH TO MOUNT IT ON.

BUT I AM MORE CURIOUS ABOUT THEIR TARGET. WHY DID THEY WANT THE OCTOPUS?

YOU WILL HAVE TO ASK BULLSEYE.

OH! ERROR! YOU <<<CANNOT<<<.

FUNNY.

CORRECT.

>>>IT WAS!>>>

ENOUGH. I FEEL THE BILE RISING IN MY THROAT JUST LOOKING AT THIS THING.

YOU THINK YOU ARE ABOVE THE LAW, M.O.D.O.K., BUT YOU ARE NOT.

I AM THE LAW HERE. I AM THE HAND OF DOOM. AND SHOULD YOU EVER THINK TO CROSS ME...

...YOU WILL FEEL MY WRATH.

MAIM. EXPLODE. DISMEMBER. EVISCERATE.

<<<KILL<<<

WHAT ELSE WOULD I PLAN FOR MORDO? FOR HIS LOVER? FOR ALL OF THEM?

AFTER ALL...

...THIS IS KILLVILLE.

THE SHEEP GO ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS, LIVING IN FEAR.

THEY KNOW BETTER THAN TO COME OUT AT NIGHT.

<<<FACT!<<< STATISTICALLY, THE DAY IS NO BETTER.

THEY HIDE BEHIND DOORS THAT WILL NOT SAVE THEM, THEY COWER BEHIND BARS THAT GIVE THEM NO COMFORT.

THIS CITY IS FILLED WITH KILLERS AND VILLAINS AND <<<MONSTERS<<< WAGING WAR AMONGST THEMSELVES, THE COLLATERAL DAMAGE IS IMPRESSIVE.

THE PEOPLE HAVE NO HEROES LEFT TO PROTECT THEM.

BECAUSE I KILLED THEM ALL.

THE OCEAN TO THE NORTH STILL SHOWS GRAVITATIONAL DISTORTION FROM THAT TIME I KILLED *GRAVITRON*. IT TURNS OUT HE WAS NOT MORE POWERFUL THAN A *BLACK HOLE*.

HE WAS VERY SURPRISED, WHICH WAS A <<<DELIGHT>>>.

TO THE WEST, THE *MONARCHY OF M*...A WORLD FILLED WITH AND RULED BY GENETIC ANOMALIES.

THEY CALL THEMSELVES HOMO SUPERIOR, BUT <<<HOME ARE SUPERIOR TO M.O.D.O.K.<<<.

TO THE SOUTH, A CITY DROWNING IN <<<TEMPORAL STUPIDITY<<<.

DESPITE THEIR INABILITY TO USE *CALENDARS*, THE FUTURE-CATTLE OF *2099* KNOW BETTER THAN TO INFRINGE ON MY TERRITORY.

AND TO THE *EAST*...

...THE SENTINEL TERRITORIES.

A LAND OCCUPIED BY GIANT ROBOTS.

THE SENTINELS ARE TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED BUT PATHETICALLY >>>LIMITED>>> IN THEIR DESIGN.

THEY KILL ONLY <<<MUTANTS<<<.

THEY CAN SENSE THE MONARCHY OF M. THEY FEEL THE MUTANTS THERE. THEY *HUNGER* TO KILL EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM.

BUT THEY DARE NOT! FOR TO CROSS OVER INTO KILLVILLE IS TO INCUR MY WRATH!

IN THIS, THEY SHOW THEIR INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE MOST PART.

MUTANT SIGNATURE DETECTED.

<<<UH-OH<<<

BOOM

THE MONARCHY OF M, HOWEVER, FEELS THE NEED TO SHOW THEIR <<<LACK<<< OF INTELLIGENCE.

THEY TOO ARE AWARE OF THE *SENTINEL TERRITORIES*, AND WILL OCCASIONALLY SEND ONE OF THEIR OWN TO *INVESTIGATE*.

IN THIS CASE... A *THIEF*.

IMPRESSIVE.

AN INTERESTING QUESTION ARISES...THE SENTINELS FEAR ME, BUT THEY LIVE ONLY TO KILL MUTANTS.

CAN THEY DENY THEIR NATURE? CAN THEY REJECT THAT WHICH THEY WERE DESIGNED FOR?

HE MADE IT OUT OF THE SENTINEL TERRITORIES AND BACK INTO *KILLVILLE*.

>>>THE ANSWER IS NO>>>

THIS MUTANT IS DEAD AS <<<@#$%<<<.

UHNN!

NO LESS THAN A THIEF DESERVES, REALLY.

BOOOM BOOOM BOOOM BOOOM BOOOM

UNLESS THE THIEF IS <<<ME<<<.

TERMINATION OF TARGET LEBEAU, REMY, A.K.A. GAMBIT, IN PROGRESS.

YOU ARE MISTAKEN, ROBOT!

THE ONE KNOWN AS M.O.D.O.K. SHALL NOT INTERFERE!

THE ONES KNOWN AS *SENTINELS* ARE NO BETTER THAN PROGRAMMABLE <<<TOASTERS<<<.

WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED ABOUT CROSSING INTO KILLVILLE?

...KILL?

CHOOOM

SQWAAARK!!

EXACTLY.

TRANSMIT THIS TO YOUR MASTER, SENTINEL...

EVEN A ROBOT CAN DIE!!

NEW TARGET: M.O.D.O.K.

EXTERMINATE!

THE SENTINELS ARE ADAPTIVE... BUT NOT ADAPTIVE ENOUGH TO OVERCOME *ME*.

THIS IS WHY *BARON MORDO* NEEDS ME.

THERE IS NO MIND THAT I CANNOT CONTROL...

DO YOUR WORST, SENTINEL!

NEVER MIND, I SEE THAT YOU <<<ALREADY ARE<<<.

...JUST AS THERE IS NO TECHNOLOGY THAT I CANNOT *MASTER*.

ERROR! FUNCTIONS ARE BEING OVERWRITTEN!

WHAT A <<<SURPRISE<<<...

SHING

KRA-KOOOM

BE IT MAN OR MACHINE, IT MATTERS NOT.

I AM DESIGNED ONLY FOR KILLING!!

ATTENTION, SENTINEL MAIN "INTELLIGENCE!"

NOTE THAT I AM ONCE MORE USING THE WORD *INTELLIGENCE* WITH QUOTES INDICATING *SARCASM* AND *INSULT!*

IF ANY OF YOUR ODDLY COLORFUL AUTOMATONS *DARE* CROSS INTO KILLVILLE, THEY WILL BE UTTERLY AND COMPLETELY <<<DESTROYED<<<!

AND THEN I WILL FIND YOU, *MASTER MOLD* OR WHATEVER YOU ARE CALLING YOURSELF...

AND I WILL REPROGRAM YOU TO ONLY LOVE MUTANTS, AND POSSIBLY TURN YOU INTO MY <<<PET<<<.

IS THIS <<<UNDERSTOOD?!<<<

MON AMI... THANK YOU.

THE HOUSE OF MAGNUS WILL PAY YOU FOR--

I CANNOT HELP BUT NOTICE YOU ARE TRESPASSING IN KILLVILLE.

WHAT?

PAF

HAHAHAHA! THAT NEVER GETS OLD.

TODAY HAS BEEN A GOOD DAY.

UNTIL NOW.

BOOOOOM

THE SKY EXPLODES ABOVE ME.

THE WHOLE WORLD COMES CRASHING DOWN.

SCIENCE DOES NOT ALLOW FOR THE EXISTENCE OF HEAVEN OR HELL.

ONLY DOOM.

SO THIS IS NEITHER DEMON...

...NOR ANGEL.

A THOR HAS JUST FALLEN AT MY FEET.

<<<KILL>>>
<<<KILL>>>
<<<KILL>>>

I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO KILL A THOR. SHE IS...SHE...

SHE IS REALLY QUITE >>>LOVELY>>>.

NEXT: LOVE AT FIRST KILL!

<<<NEXT ISSUE>>>

ZONE